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The Nassau Literary Magazine

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THE WHEREFORE OF CHRISTMAS

thousand and nine hundred years have passed Since in the town of Bethlehem the Child Was born, the Dayspring prophesied of yore. And do we now, we in a distant clime, Unheard of then, still celebrate that birth? Can thirty years of life an impress make Which through the course of ages long is felt? Ay, so it is, for from that time we date That which in life we hold most dear, most true, And from the manger in that stable poor Hath issued all we hope for in the world. In it the Way by which frail creatures reach The heaven of heavens lies; in it the Truth Which doth sum up the whole of things that are And have been and will be; in it the Life Of men, regenerating ev'n the lost. Yea, and from Him we do derive the faith That can make mountains their high summits move, Can make the weakness of us mortals strong, And clothe us with an immortality. In Him we find the hope of better things Than those which Abel's blood spake unto men.

But greater blessings yet to Him we owe,
For from Him came that love which doth fulfill
The law and makes us free from sin and death,
And by His offering up we all are saved.
And so our Lodestar still in Him we find,
And we do know that all the good we have
Is due to Him alone. And therefore 'tis
That to this day we praise and laud His name.

-John Grier Buchanan.



SOME TOYS-A CHRISTMAS STORY

THE curtain dropped on the closing scene of the last act. For a moment the dingy, smoke-laden little theatre was silent, then a pandemonium of catcalls, whistling, stamping and cheering broke forth. The curtain rose again in answer to the applause, and the leading lady, the hero, and the villian bowed their acknowledgement to the generous approval of the audience. The play was a great success—a Bowery success of the first magnitude. Never had there been such thrills, even in that home of melo-drama, as the audience had experienced in the climax of the great fourth act, where the hero in hand to hand combat had throttled the villian and recovered the papers, saving the property and honor of the heroine's father. Yes, the Bowery pronounced it a winner.

As the applause subsided, a man forced his way through the crowd hurrying toward the exits, and succeeded at length in reaching the door leading behind the scenes. Without hesitation he passed through and continued down the steps under the stage to the dressing room occupied by the villian. This man was the author of the play. As he stopped a moment before entering the dressing room, he glanced about at the squalid, dirty room where he stood. On his face was portrayed disgust and anger. Success had brought him no pleasure—the stoop of his shoulders and the lines in his face spelt only disappointment and defeat.

"Hurry up, Tom," he called, through the door, "and

we'll go get a bite to eat."

"Come in, Jim," answered a cheery voice from within, "you'll have to wait a minute till-I get this new make-up off my face."

The author entered slowly. The man standing be-

fore the dirty little mirror removing his make-up seemed younger than the other, yet they may have been almost the same age. Perhaps it was the bright eyes, or the alert air of the actor that made the difference.

"Well, Jim," continued the actor, "you have achieved

another success, I'm glad to say."

The frown deepened on the author's face, and a sneer crept into his voice.

"Call it success, if you wish. You know we have

discussed the matter before."

"Yes, and we'll discuss it again," rejoined the actor,

good-naturedly.

Silence reigned in the little room until the actor finished his dressing, then they filed out without a word, and emerged at length on the Bowery. It was Christmas eve, and the great thoroughfare was alive with pedestrians. Here was the world, the real world, not the "civilized" world of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, but the world of strife and effort, of poverty and untaught sin. Call them the "submerged truth," you who pass them by with a shudder, if you will, but beware by what standards you judge them. The author passed through the crowd with a sneer and a frown, the actor glanced about him with pleasure, watching life itself being lived, and glorying in the sight.

At length the two reached a little restaurant on a side street, walked in and took a table back in a corner.

They had evidently been here before.

"Now," said the actor, with a smile, "we are going to have that little discussion."

"As you please," returned the other, as he ordered their modest supper.

"In the first place, Jim, what is the matter with you and life?"

"Tom," said the author after a pause, "we grew up together, we've been friends from boyhood, but even you have no idea what a disappointment life is to me."

"A disappointment?"

"Why not," continued the author," what has my manhood given me that my boyhood promised? Do you think I had no ideals, no ambitions?"

"I had them too," said the actor, seriously.

"Yes, but with you it was different. Literature was the shrine at which I worshipped. Shakespeare was my ever-present companion and model. I was led to believe I had talent—and now I write melo-dramas for a Bowery theatre. Thirty-five years of life are behind me, and what is before me?"

"Why not happiness, content?"

"Can a man," continued the author, "have content who has wilfully murdered his own ideals? As I sat and listened to that play to-night, the work of my hands and brain, I shuddered to think what I had done. I have done it before, I shall do it again. Do you ask why I am not content."

"But you are making an honest living."

"Does the little money I have made feed my starving soul? Does it pay me for such torture as I suffered tonight, listening to that Thing I had written? I can't call it a play."

"Why do you write?"

"Because I and my wife and child must live."

"Exactly," answered the actor, and then there was a pause. When he looked up again, nothing but seriousness was in his eyes.

"Jim," he said slowly, to the author, "You remember when we first came to the city together—to start our careers?"

"Yes."

"We left Mary Benton back at home. We both loved her. When we went home after making a little money—she married you."

For a moment there was silence, neither man felt

at his ease. Suddenly the actor continued.

"Jim, do you love her?"

"I-suppose so."

"You suppose so!" for a moment Tom's blue eyes flashed, then softened again, "Excuse me, Jim, I know you love her. You couldn't help loving her—there is too much good in you. But, Jim, are you making her happy?"

The actor's voice was strained. He seemed to be

holding himself in check.

"Tom, honestly I don't know," the author answered slowly, "I am ashamed to confess it, terribly ashamed, but

this is the first time I have thought of it in years."

"Poor Mary," the actor said to himself, then recovering his composure, he continued, "After Mary married you, I was pretty much cut up about it. But I had my sister to support, so I got to work again. You are not the only one who had ideals—and shattered them. I found I was not a great actor, I tried to quit, but I could not do anything else—and there was no chance to rise with a big company. Do you think it did not hurt me to start doing the stuff I am doing now? We save a bit, my sister and I, and some day I may be able to retire. Meanwhile I get along pretty well with the world."

There was a pause. The author sat at the table his

head buried in his hands.

"Jim," continued the actor, "when you go home to-night Mary will probably be sitting up waiting for you, anxious to hear about the play. I have talked to her, Jim, she thinks you are a great man. Then to-morrow is Christmas. How old is the boy?"

"Just six."

"To-night you and Mary can fill his stocking, and to-morrow he will find Santa Claus has been to see him. Oh, Jim," went on the actor, with a break in his voice, "you don't know how much you have in the world."

Silence again. The author was thinking, thinking. He remembered the Christmas before—what a meager pittance in the boy's stocking. Mary had bought it with money saved from her scant housekeeping allowance. Reproach and shame were overwhelming him.

When the actor began to speak again, he had regained control of his voice and seemed as cheery as usual.

"Jim, do you see any chance ahead of you for happiness?"

Without answering, the author rose, and they walked to the door of the little restaurant. The author could not trust himself to speak, there was the suspicion of tears in his eyes. He took his friend's hand and pressed it in silence. As they were about to part, the actor looked into the other's face and said, "You'll make Mary just a

little happier than she's been, won't you, Jim?"

Then he was gone, lost in the crowd. The author walked ahead blindly for a while, neither seeing nor hearing the crowd about him. The last few years of his life were crowding through his brain, one mass of selfishness, selfishness. If he could but live them over! Ambition unbounded had been his, and he had failed. In an old trunk at home lay the manuscripts of the plays that were to have made his fame, but no manager wanted them, no actor would touch them. For years he had brooded over his failure. His sensitive nature had been stung at the manner in which it seemed to him that the world had cheated him, and hurt at the methods a hard world had forced on him to make a living. In his great self-pity he had forgotten his wife and child. Forgotten? Yes, he was sure of it now. It sounded hard, but it was true. He, the man of ideals, guilty of such an act of selfishness! Ambition was all very well in its way, but with him it had become a crime. Every man had his place in the world, his duties and his cares to be placed before all considerations of self.

As the author wandered through the crowd he realized he had failed in his duty to bring happiness to the loving, trusting wife waiting for him now. Suddenly there was a jam in the crowd, and he was stopped at the window of a shop. He glanced around—it was a toy shop. What had Tom said about filling the boy's stocking? Almost without knowing how, he was in the shop, and a clerk was asking what he wished.

"I don't know, exactly," he said, a little embarrassed, "something for a boy of six."

"A train? or what about some tin soldiers?"

He got them both, and what other small toys his limited cash would purchase. As the parcel was put into his hands, he felt a glow of anticipation. Holding tight to the toys he boarded the crowded elevated train for his journey to the little Harlem flat they called home. It was after midnight when he arrived, but a light still burned in his little hall. As he walked in, she came to greet him.

"How was the play?"

"Great success. Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas. But what's that," she exclaimed, catching sight of the parcel.

Without a word, he led her into the little sitting room

and opened the package on the table.

"Something for the boy's stocking," he said simply.
"Oh, Jimmy," she said softly, coming up to him
and putting her arms about his neck, "I knew you would
think of the boy. I knew it all the time. I—I didn't
have much money left, so I couldn't get him anything
like that."

With misty eyes, he looked down into her face, and kissed her gently. Together they tip-toed into the boy's room to the stocking where it hung at the foot of his bed, and together they filled it. Then, by a common impulse, they walked across to where the boy lay asleep, and stood looking at him in silence. As the author looked from the boy to his wife, and back again, his head bowed, and he uttered a silent prayer to his Maker for putting into this world such men as his poor, lonely friend, Tom, the cheap actor.

-John C. Cooper, Jr.

THE FOOL SAID IN HIS HEART "THERE IS NO GOD"

A H—surely no! that prophet was not true Who said we live to die, the grave ends all, And life is but a shadow soon entombed Within the darkness, or a dim mirage Which haunts the desert wastes.

Ah-surely, no! There cannot be a void, in which this spark, This mystic spark called soul, must some day sink. It cannot be those loved ones whom we lost, Are lost beyond recall—and in the tide "Oblivion," are swept to vacant depths. Ah-surely, no!

The great and good kind God Who breathed his breath into the shapeless clay, And kindled it with fire Divine, n'er meant That it should sputter, like a candle-flame, And perish in one vast eternal Dark. If this were so—how could we face the dawn; How could we lose those souls of whom we are One little part, without a mad despair? How could we see death's chaos and its brink Without a heart-swept fear?

To know a night Which has no dawn, to watch an ebbing tide Which floweth not—to seek a wakeless sleep Tell me, can this be Life? Ah, surely no.

-LaFayette Lentz Butler.

JAMES McCOSH: THE FATHER OF MODERN PRINCETON

IN the history of Princeton, as in the history of every great and influential institution, there have been periods of marked advance, periods in which a new and deeper spirit has been infused into her life, permeating it and working in it and out from it for the common good. In 1768, almost on the eve of the great revolution which made us a nation, John Witherspoon was called from Scotland to lead the sons of Nassau through the impending crisis. Just one hundred years later, when the country was still bleeding from the wounds of the great Civil War, another great Scotchman was induced to leave the Old World for the New, to be the leader in the regeneration of Princeton. The way in which he accomplished the stupendous task which lay before him and made possible the flourishing Universty of to-day is the pride and glory of every Princeton man. At the present time, when the love and veneration felt for his memory have just been embodied in one of the most magnificent monuments ever consecrated to the advancement of learning, it seems peculiarly fitting that we should review his life and character.

James McCosh, eleventh President of the College of New Jersey and one of the greatest philosophers and teachers of the nineteenth century, was born on April 1st, 1811, at the farmhouse of Carskeoch, in Ayrshire, Scotland. His parents were devout people of the middle class, comfortably supplied with this world's goods, whose "great object was to do justly," friends of the poor and given to hospitality. Early in life he resolved to give himself to the ministry, for which he prepared at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, graduating from the latter institution in 1834. His life after graduation may roughly

be divided into three periods—his career as a pastor in Scotland, as a professor in Ireland, and as a college president in America.

Licensed by the Presbytery of Ayr in the year when he left Edinburgh, he immediately took up the work of the ministry, at first as a travelling preacher, but soon receiving a charge at Arbroath, where he remained till 1839, when he became pastor of the Established Church at Brechin, a small town of Forfardshire. It was during his ministry here that the great crisis in the history of the Church of Scotland with regard to the questions of separation from the state and popular election of pastors took place. In this discussion James McCosh was one of the leaders of the Free Church movement and one of the first seceders from the Established Church. This disruption he regarded as the greatest event of his life.

It was at this period also that Dr. McCosh began his controversial and metaphysical works, in particular "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral," published at Edinburgh in 1850, the fame of which brought about his appointment to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics at Queen's University, Belfast, Ireland. Though reluctant to leave his flock at Brechin, he accepted the position for which he had such a natural predilection, and entered upon his new duties in the following year. At Belfast Dr. McCosh, by his lectures and writings, acquired an enviable position in the world of philosophy, besides doing a vast amount of good along the lines of benevolent and religious work.

In 1858 he travelled for some months in Germany, where he became personally acquainted with Humboldt, Bunsen, Trendelenburg and other great continental leaders of thought. Eight years later he made a tour of the principal cities and colleges of America, where his works already had a wide circulation.

In 1868 President Maclean of the College of New Jersey resigned, and the trustees of that time-honored

institution offered the presidency to James McCosh, who accepted in the following simple words: "I devote myself and my remaining life under God to old Princeton and the religious and literary interests with which it is identified, and, I fancy, will leave my bones in your graveyard beside the great and good men who are buried there, hoping that my spirit may mount to communion with them in heaven." The following autumn saw his inauguration in his new office, an event the effects of which have already been so far-reaching that they can scarcely be over-estimated, and of the more ultimate results of which, to Princeton and to America, the half has not been seen.

To form some idea, however inadequate, of that work let us consider briefly the situation of the college at this time. "The higher education," says one writer on the subject, "was at the ebb-tide of its fortunes during the sixties, throughout the whole United States," and Princeton was no exception to the general rule. She had suffered greatly in the Civil War, and was weakened both in the number of her students and in the amount of her physical resources. Her graduates were scattered throughout the country, many of them, especially in the South, impoverished by the late war, others embittered by the college's suppression of Greek-letter fraternities. Hazing, dishonesty in examinations, and general insubordination marked the conduct of the undergraduate body. The reform of Princeton was no light undertaking. The way in which Iames McCosh triumphed over these difficulties can be best seen by a perusal of his autobiographical sketch, "Twenty Years of Princeton." We can here notice merely the salient features of his work.

At Dr. McCosh's inauguration the campus buildings were in a deplorable state. The recitation rooms, in particular those in the building now occupied by the University Offices, were poorly heated by stoves, which the students would frequently remove to prevent the holding of classes. New buildings were needed, and through the efforts of the President were secured, the old Gymnasium, Dickinson,

Reunion, the Chancellor Green Library, the School of Science, Murray Hall, University Hall, Witherspoon, Edwards, Marquand Chapel, the Biological Laboratory, and the Art Museum being successively erected, quadrupling the number of college buildings. "Prospect" was presented to the college as an official residence for the President, the Observatory was supplied with apparatus, the E. M. Geological Museum was founded, a number of valuable scientific and art collections were donated by friends of the college, and the campus was laid out with lawns and walks.

In the educational line the innovations and improvements were still more notable. Before Dr. McCosh's presidency there had been one course for all students in the college, in which all subjects were required. The present restricted elective system is due in its outlines to the mastermind of James McCosh. To him are due also the classification of the courses in departments, the securing of numerous new professorships, fellowships, and prizes, the establishment of graduate courses of study, the founding of the School of Science, and the setting up of eighteen alumni associations in all parts of the country. The faculty increased in numbers about two hundred per cent. during the twenty years of his administration—an increase reflected by a corresponding growth of the student body, from 264 in 1868 to 604 in 1888.

In the sphere of morality and religion, more perhaps than in any other, the influence of James McCosh was felt for Princeton's good. At the inception of his presidency, hazing in its worst form was rife in the college, and the most brutal indignities were frequently inflicted. His wonderful power over young men was signally displayed in the suppression of this practice and in the final abolition of the Greek-letter fraternities, which had long existed secretly in violation of a pledge signed at matriculation. The vice existent in the college at his inauguration he largely stamped out by the introduction of gymnastics and the furtherance of religious institutions, and before

the close of his presidency the student body, in a mass meeting, voted unanimously for "No License" and succeeded in carrying the measure in the borough.

His private character we cannot dwell on at length. Suffice it to say that the kindness and gentleness of his disposition secured him the love, as the firmness and uprightness of his heart secured him the admiration of all his co-workers and pupils; that his every act was an exemplification of the Christian virtues-faith, hope and, above all, charity. The whole tenor of his life at Princeton may be gleaned from the words with which he closed his presidency: "I ask forgiveness of God and man for any offence I have given in my haste. I leave with no unkind feeling toward any. I should be sorry if any one entertained a malignant feeling toward me. It has been a high honor and an unspeakable privilege, that I have been at the head of this noble institution for such a length of time, and that so many spheres of usefulness have been thrown open to me. I leave the college in a healthy state, intellectually, morally and religiously, thanks be to God and man. I leave it with the prayer, that the blessing of heaven and the good-will of men may rest upon it, and with the prospect of its having greater usefulness in the future even than that which it has had in the past."

In 1888, at the age of seventy-seven, Dr. McCosh resigned the presidency of Princeton. He still lived, however, in vital connection with the college, continuing his philosophical lectures for two years and his contributions to the literature of metaphysics until his death. His last important appearance in public was at the International Congress of Education at the Chicago World's Fair, over which he presided. He ended his life, as he had lived it, "in the beauty of holiness," on November 16th, 1894. Nothing can better express the feeling with which he was regarded by his pupils than the noble lines dedicated to him by one of their number:

ated to him by one of their number:

[&]quot;Young to the end, through sympathy with youth, Gray man of learning! champion of truth!

Direct in rugged speech, alert in mind, He felt his kinship with all human kind, And never feared to trace development Of high from low—assured and full content That man paid homage to the Mind above, Uplifted by the 'Royal Law of Love.'

"The laws of nature that he loved to trace Have worked, at last, to veil from us his face; The dear old elms and ivy-covered walls Will miss his presence, and the stately halls His trumpet-voice; while in their joys, Sorrow will shadow those he called 'my boys.'"

-John Grier Buchanan.



"IRONBOUND"

In a far and distant land
Where the sea-spray wets the heights,—
And the forests spear-wise stand,—
Where white gulls in screaming flights
Mix with whirling flecks of foam
On the wave;
There a man might build a home,—
Were he brave.

Booming surf is on both sides:
Rock and forest part the sea.
There no craft in safety rides,
There's no harbor, there's no lee.
O'er the tumult yet we find
A deep calm;
Health of body, peace of mind,—
The soul's balm.

-L. M. Thompson.

THE POET OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"—Justly to record the deeds of fame, A muse from heaven should touch the soul with flame; Some powerful spirit in superior lays Should tell the conduct of the stormy days."

THE shelves of our libraries are laden with innumerable histories of the wars and the political and military prowess of great nations, and with biographies and all manner of character sketches of their heroes-statesmen and warriors. But at best these are the mere superficial expositions of the great ideas that have given birth and life to peoples and to nations, and if we are to find the true, the real interpretation of a people's greatness—the soul rather than the body—we must go to its literature. Especially is this true of the American Revolution, and in its literary history we read of many writers and essayists, satirists and poets, whose names have long since been forgotten, yet whose influence and power in those troublous times were as great or even greater than that of many whose names are almost household words to-day. And of these there was one who stood out above them all, both in the estimation of his own day and of ours, the popular poet of the Revolution— Philip Freneau.

Philip Freneau was born in New York City on January 2d, 1752, of old Huguenot stock, but in his second year his father bought a large estate of a thousand acres in Monmouth County, New Jersey, which he named Mount Pleasant, and it was here that the greater part of the poet's long life was spent. He graduated from Nassau Hall in the Class of 1771, a class of which Princeton may well be proud, for among its other members may

be mentioned Hugh Henry Brackenridge, the talented author and judge; Brockholst Livingston, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; William Bradford, Attorney General during Washington's second term of office; "Light Horse Harry" Lee; and James Madison. fourth President, the poet's personal friend and roommate, and at one time aspirant for his sister's hand. During their college course John Witherspoon was President, and there was kindled in the hearts of those young collegians a spirit of patriotism that was never to be extinguished. On Commencement Day, 1771, Freneau and Brackenridge delivered a metrical dialogue, which they had jointly composed, on "The Rising Glory of America" -one of many tokens that there had already been born among the colonists a spirit of national consciousness that was soon to rend asunder all the bonds that bound together America and the mother country, and gave birth to a new nation.

Of Freneau's life during the first few years after his graduation we know but little, save that his pen was seldom idle, and that he contributed to the press of the day numerous articles and poems of a nature calculated to arouse enthusiasm and love for liberty and freedom. Whether piqued at the too conservative policy of his countrymen during the first year of the war, as one biographer suggests, or for some reason of which we are ignorant, he visited Jamaica, Santa Cruz and the Bermudas during the early part of the war, but quickly returned on hearing the good news of the Declaration of Independence. This voyage is commemorated in some of the best of his poems, and it was during its course that he became imbued with that love for the sea that was to cling to him during all the years of his life. On his return he immediately took out letters of marque and reprisal from the Continental Congress, and had built in Philadelphia a ship which he named the "Aurora." But scarcely had the "Aurora" cleared the Delaware capes when the "Iris," one of the swiftest ships in Amercan waters, hove in sight, a desperate

sea-fight ensued, and ere nightfall the "Aurora" was but a heap of wreckage upon the sandy bottom of the Atlantic, and the survivors of her crew, among them Freneau, were British prisoners, an awful fate in those days of the New

York prison ships.

The "Scorpion," the loathsome hulk into which Freneau was thrown, lay moored within sight of the ancestral home of his fathers, and we may well imagine the poet's feelings aroused by the horrible treatment of the prisoners by the British—the blackest stain upon the whole story of their conduct of the war. Soon made violently ill by the combined horrors of foul food, foul air, foul quarters and foul treatment, he was transferred to the hospital ship "Hunter," better only in name. After some months' confinement he was released in an exchange of prisoners, and there immediately followed the composition of that most bitter and savage of all his satires, "The British Prison-Ship." It was written from the heart, and we have every reason to believe that it was most successful in its purpose, that of arousing American feeling, then—in 1780—excessively depressed. poem well shows Freneau's power to arrest public attention. After a vivid description of the awful horrors which he had seen and experienced, coupled with a noble tribute to the memory of that unknown number of patriots whom a merciful death had relieved of their suffering, he makes a strong appeal to his countrymen:

"Rouse from your sleep, and crush the thievish band, Defeat, destroy and sweep them from the land."

and close with this prediction, evidently addressed to the enemy,

"The years approach that shall to ruin bring Your lords, your chiefs, your miscreant of a King, Whose murderous acts shall stamp his name accurs'd, And his last triumphs more than damn his first."

From the time of Freneau's liberation in 1780 until the ratification of peace some three years later there seems to have been no cessation in his work, as a satirist especially. From Concord to Yorktown, around the camp-fires and in the field, his verses encouraged the desponding solders. The newspapers published them widely, they were distributed through the army on slips of paper, or posted in some conspicuous place to be memorized. And not only did he arouse and encourage the patriots to greater efforts, but he immortalized the victories which they won. Conscious that ridicule best kills any cause, he so successfully satirized every vulnerable point of the enemy that he won to the patriot's cause many a hitherto lukewarm or even hostile colonist. Indeed, the mere titles of his writings during the latter period of the war, form a running commentary upon all the principal events of those years, their variety and range covering everything from an ode "On the Memorable Victory obtained by the Gallant Captain Paul Iones, of the 'Good Man Richard,' over the 'Seraphis,' etc., under the command of Captain Pearson," to "A Speech that should have been spoken by the King of the Island of Britain to his Parliament," at the close of the Campaign of 1781, of his later works, some of which are very good and others not so good, it is not the place to make mention here, but until the end of his long life in 1832 Freneau never turned from the great principles which had inspired him, and with which he had inspired so many others in the darkest days of the Revolution.

As Professor Tyler has well said, "After a considerate inspection of the writers and the writings of our Revolutionary era, it is likely that most readers will be inclined to name Philip Freneau as the one American poet of all that time who, though fallen on evil days and driven from his true course somewhat by stormy weather, yet had a high and questionless vocation for poetry." He wrote well at eighteen; "The Traveller," written while yet in college is comparable only with "Thanatopsis," which

Bryant wrote at the age of nineteen. His verse is wonderful for its ease and simplicity, for the great command of language, the delicacy of handling, and the mastery of Englsh rhyme that it shows. That his poems are little read to-day is ascribable almost wholly to the temporary nature of their subjects; especially is this true of his satires, many of which are considered by those competent to judge as the equal of any of Pope or of Dryden. Like Milton he did not hesitate to turn his pen from his chosen field to that in which he could best serve his country, and if in so doing he lost the place that would have been his in literary fame, he gained an even higher one in the hearts of his fellow countrymen, and in the consciousness of a duty well done.

Perhaps the finest of his war lyrics is an ode "To the Memory of the Brave Americans who fell at Eutaw Springs." On being told that it was Freneau's, Sir Walter Scott said, "It was as fine a thing of its kind as there was in the language." And Jeffrey, the great Scotch reviewer, said of his writings that the time would come when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Grey.

The ancients called their poets vates, and ascribed to them the power of prophecy. Perhaps the moderns do not make such a demand upon their poets, but be that as it may, no poet ever possessed this prophetic gift to a greater degree than did Philip Freneau. In that Commencement piece of 1771, to which reference has already been made, he writes:

"-I see, I see

"Freedom's established reign; cities and men, Numerous as the sands upon the ocean shore, And empires rising where the sun descends! The Ohio soon shall glide by many a town Of note; and where the Mississippi's stream, By forests shaded, now runs weeping on, Nations shall grow, and States, not less in fame Than Greece and Rome of old!

-Alas!

How could I weep that we were born so soon, Just in the dawning of these mighty times, Whose scenes are painting for eternity."—

and still later, in September, 1775, six months after the battle of Bunker Hill, in one of those "damnable poems reflecting on Gage," as his keen satire of later years so cleverly termed some of his earlier effusions—

"The times shall come when strangers rule no more, Nor cruel mandates vex from Britain's shore.

When mighy towns shall flourish free and great, Vast their dominion, opulent their state, When one vast cultivated region teems From ocean's sides to Mississippi's streams, While each enjoys his vine tree's peaceful shade, And even the meanest has no foe to dread."

-J. Craig Peacock.



OUT OF THE HEART'S FULNESS

JUST because the birds were singing And the days were gay, And the woods were perfumes flinging, The poet sang a lay.

Just because the birds were still now, And the nights were long, And the leaves had fled the tree-bough, The poet sang a song.

Just because the heart was glowing In a youthful vein, And bright cheer was overflowing, The poet sang a strain.

Just because the heart was downcast And the world seemed wrong, And the soul felt sad, unsteadfast, The poet sang a song.

And thus when Life met him gladly
He sang a light refrain,
Likewise when he met Life sadly
He sang a song again.

-LaFayette Lentz Butler.

THE PAINTED LADY

O N gaudy wing, with easy swing,
Careless, idle,—dance and sing
Through summer day, while yet you may,—
The winter comes.

Alone to sing, while flirting wing, Were foolish, useless,—better swing On through the town, up street and down,— Till winter comes.

No longer swing and gaily sing:
Deserted, faded,—broken wing
Makes no one gay. The sky is gray,—
Winter has come.

-L. M. Thompson.

FOR THE HONOR OF HIS PEOPLE

HILL folk have always looked with disdain upon those who dwell on the plains. Perhaps it was a trace of this aboriginal contempt surviving in the child mind, or it may have been the bright sailor-suits with which our neighbors on the upper terrace were freshly clothed each morn, that fated us for life-and-death enemies. The latter motive had weight with Harold I know. Often has he knowingly remarked in my presence: "Look at those dolls playing up there. Bet they never know what tight shoes and swollen feet on Sunday mean," wriggling his own toes in the sand to assert their independence. Edward was too indifferent to puzzle his brain for the cause of this natural antipathy, while I was only too glad to follow blindly in the wake of my elders. You must know that in our eyes the hill people consisted of a bevy of children with whom it was an unpardonable offense to For the most part the girls were beneath our notice. There was one young enchantress named Eleanor, however, for whom I sometimes felt Harold had a secret warmth of feeling. On the male side the clan had many representatives. Our special aversion, however, was a certain sissified dumpling of a mother's child, whom we nick-named Poobst. Not that he was any more villanous than the rest, but as leader of the opposition, he was the one to suffer for the faults of all.

Now it one day happened that Poobst decided to venture alone into the land of his enemies. That the singing of the mermaids should have enticed him to their sandy shoals I am not surprised, but that he should have made the journey unescorted, I could never understand. It also happened the same day that the plains folk were to turn mariners. Unknown lands were to be explored and ocean temptests braved. Imagine our chagrin when,

arrived at her customary moorings, we found our ship missing. Could she have broken loose of herself? No. the resourceful Harold soon discovered hostile tracks on the beach. A moment later the ship herself was sighted around the next headland, slowly feeling her way up the coast in charge of a new captain. Emboldened by a clear horizon and a fresh sailor-suit, Poobst had calmly boarded and captured our vessel. True she possessed but five planks in her entire hulk, but each one represented monuments of labor in searchings and pryings out of the sand. Such effrontery was not to be borne. A prompt fusillade of pebbles, large and small, was immediately forth-coming. Most of them fell short of their mark, but the ship was drenched with spray. Taken by surprise, Poobst hesitated a moment, then decided to beach his vessel. When the range was shorter, we brought into play our heavier armament. The ship and her captain were nearly sub-With drenched face and dripping uniform, merged. Poobst decided to abandon his command. In utter disregard of ship and suit alike, he plunged through the shoal and never stopped running till he reached the heights. We watched him out of sight, then turned to our ship. The glamour of its capture soon paled, however, without rival to assert his claims. The sea had lost its charm, so we quickly took up with Harold's idea that we lead an expedition into the Indian country.

The heart of the Indian country was for us a certain lank ridge from the base of which flowed the far-famed spring of Minnehaha, always the seat of merriment. Here were never wanting a flock of children busily engaged in molding their child imaginings into the plastic sand. We had outgrown the sand or mud—or what you will—age, yet were not averse to the construction of elaborate systems of dikes. I doubt if Holland itself ever witnessed the like for intricacy of design. When all was completed, the laughing waters of Minnehaha would be diverted for a time from their regular course and turned into our network of water-ways. Then followed moments of great

suspense, while we tested the strength of our handiwork. Edward, whose imagination was generally the last to be fired, took a deeper interest this afternoon than usual. As I remember, he had just happened upon a piece of broken tile. Engrossed in our subject, we were discussing how best this important find could be adapted to our needs, when-but you must first understand the situation. The Indian land was in reality neutral ground. It was merely an extension of the plain, yet it possessed the drawback of lying at the base of the before-mentioned and always to be shunned terrace. A hostile army on the heights above could easily sweep the plains below. Imagine our surprise when, with a yell and a crash, a rain-barrel came tumbling down upon us from the hill above. There followed a shower of sticks and stones, but all went wide, so we concluded there were girls in the attacking party. When the enemy finally drew up in open array, there proved to be Amazons among the number. Each moment our position was becoming more untenable. was for charging the heights. I was luke-warm, and Edward opposed, but when the handle of a water-pail, that he failed to dodge, had caught him in the shin, the necessary impetus was added. Oh that glorious charge! We surmounted the hill to find the enemy-fled? No, drawn up with solid front. Edward made a feint at attacking the male wing, while Harold struck out boldly for the Amazons. I was behind. Nobody knows how it happened. Edward says he put five to flight, while Harold claims he slipped and fell. (It has always been my belief he caught sight of the enchantress Eleanor and his heart failed him.) At any rate, a battalion of house-maids quickly responded to the call for reinforcements, thus enabling us to make an honorable retreat before the advance of the broom brigade.

Within the shadow of our own fortress we rested. Clearly courage alone could accomplish nothing against such overwhelming numbers. Resort must be had to strategy. By means of a wide detour through the rasp-

berry bushes, the heights could be approached in another direction, thus constituting a flank movement. For this deed of honor and of danger we severally asserted our respective merits. At last Harold won on the grounds of seniority. (Personally I have always been convinced that he was merely seeking an opportunity to retrieve his honor in his lady's eyes.) Allowing him sufficient time to reach his position, Edward and I led a frontal attack. The ruse worked. The enemy appeared above in its entire force to the tune of a tin pan vociferously beaten by Poobst. Our situation had its dangers, although we were careful to keep out of the range of flying pails and the like. For ages we stood exposed to the broad-side taunts and cries of our enemies. Would Harold never appear? Finally there was a shriek of femininity. The daring adventurer dashed into view above. Straight for the pompous Poobst he sped. Forty feet, thirty feet, twentythen with one full swoop he let drive at that immaculate sailor-suit such a handful of filthy mud and dirty matter as never was gathered before or since. For the time, pink skin and white suit were obliterated from the landscape. But the spell was broken. With a yell of rage the mob made for Harold, only to be stopped by a girl. In her excitement Eleanor was accidentally blocking the way with effective pyrotechnics of her broom handle. retreat of Harold was saved and so was the honor of his people.

-Milton Matter.

THE INNER WISH

I do not ask to sing as poets sing
In swinging rhythm or in lyric strain,
Nor e'en, like a great artist, am I fain
To paint some noble masterpiece, nor bring
A melody to birth—a passioned thing
To stir the heart; nor do I count it gain
To conquer worlds by mighty force and main,
Nay, none of these—but for my offering
I ask far more—when Duty calls to me
May I with ardent heart her cry obey,
Not loiter idly by some rose-strewn way,
Charmed by a witching siren's luring song,
But rather, strong—resisting, hurry on
And like Ulysses, hark not to her plea.

-LaFayette Lentz Butler.

CLAUDIO DEL CORDOGLIO.

NTO the hour of midnight it had been oppressively quiet in the chamber called "The Sanctuary of Claudio," but then a timid breeze began to stir the air of the midsummer night garden. In it drifted, through the casement, into the room, slowly as though retarded by the heavy breath of the drowsy flowers.

The lights in the silver candelabra, which brought to the mind two gigantic torchbearers at a funeral, trembled and grew exceedingly restless; they seemed to stagger with

fear at the sudden intrusion.

The huge golden eagle, however, who clutched a lamp, high in the dome-shaped ceiling, hung motionless; undisturbed as ever he loomed above the room, and yet there was trouble reflected in his hard emerald eyes.

A wind came through the hallway that led to the sanctuary, the heavy curtains bulged, the heavy curtains dragged and rustled on the marble floor, a nervous hand

tore them apart: Claudio del Cordoglio entered.

While Claudio was happy he used to retire to this chamber in the evening and walk about to rejoice his heart with the sight and touch of many a wonderful piece of art, be it painting or statuary, a fantastic garment of oriental workmanship or a golden goblet embossed with scenes from the ancients and studded with priceless jewels.

Grief, like a burning wound, makes man forget all else; it drags him to its cauldron and impels him to watch the pleasures and delights of former days shrivel, curl and rise up in smoke or turn to gray flakes of ashes which the wind takes and leads away, nobody knows whither.

In the mellow light of the eagle's lamp stood a rough easel bespattered with paint, upon it the portrait of Annetta, the beloved lady of Claudio's mind and heart. "A man's art delights him so long as it agrees with his

mood. This is not Annetta, 'tis a false image, a jest, a ridicule." He snatched up the picture to destroy it when his eye was caught by that gentle smile he had portrayed so well, for often it had smoothed his ruffled brow and

mellowed his youthful recklessness.

"Thou art smiling, child? Art thou not dead? It is all a horrible dream. To-morrow we shall walk again, hand in hand, and by and by thou shalt become tired and we shall take to the bench among the trees which looks out over the lake and thou wilt sing to me and thy wondrous voice again will silence the singers of the wood.

We shall talk of love; Annetta mia,-when I first

mentioned the word, dost thou remember?

There was reproach in thy gaze. I hung my head; I was a barbarian to talk with such abruptness of so holy a thing as love.

Thou didst chide me, but so gentle and conciliating was the tone of thy voice that I fell down at thy feet

and kissed the hem of thy garment.

Dost thou remember the day I returned from my travels to France? When I left we were children and playmates but then we became lovers.

Annetta, I had been wandering over the fields gathering flowers, wet with the dew of dawn and had come to the grotto where we had sat together as children, thou wast not there!

And as I sat, solitary, pondering and arguing with myself whether thou woudst recognize me or whether thou hadst forgotten my face, thou camest and didst surprise me with a blush more heavenly than the rosy dawn. Thou didst become the object of my love, my art and life, a thousand—

Claudio suddenly broke off and became conscious of the sound of his voice; its echo bounded back upon him with crushing force. He staggered, then composing himself a little he placed the painting again on the easel, and sat down. Still he continued to gaze at her face, until he could gaze no longer; the tears had fogged the windows of his soul. Fiercely he bit his lip like a wounded animal that inflicts upon itself a second wound, in pain and desolation.

He arose and walked to the casement and stared at the starry skies; deeply he inhaled the air of the midsummer night, for men will breathe deeply and slowly though their heart beats as if it were about to burst. "Heaven thou knowest my grief. Mary, thou mother of Jesus, touch my Annetta with the tip of thy finger, and I shall be grateful unto thee ever afterward."

Claudio leaned forward, ear and eye strained, as he listened to the voice of the night and peered into its

gravelike darkness.

"Dead!" whispered the night wind, the trees shuddered and moaned. "Heaven, if I have sinned against thee, I will repent, I will give all to the poor, only restore me my Annetta."

Claudio listened again, with stifled breath.

Some huge raven brushed by the window with a cry so harsh and husky that it seemed like the cruel laugh of a demon that had come to mock his fate.

Claudio shivered feverishly, but with desperate tenacity he continued to pray and implore the heavens.

Dimmer grew the light of the candles, the eyes of the eagle seemed broken in despair, and the lamp gave a dreary, dying flicker.

A nightingale had alighted on a bush nearby; her song of yearning rent the nightly solitude and poured sweet balm on the desolate, mourning soul; the low and melancholy notes seemed to vibrate in assonance to his poor heart strings.

A mad idea possessed him.

"'Tis the sign of heaven. Doleful is thy song at present, but thy yearning shall be satisfied, thou art solitary but not abandoned, for in yon bush thy mate awaits thee. Ever shall intense longing be requited."

The lights blazed up, the dark green eyes of the eagle glowed with wild fire, to be swallowed in the dusk.

But Claudio saw only the light; and with palpitating heart he rushed to the chamber where Annetta lay. "Arise, o bella donna della mia mente, arise for the morn is near."

Her cheek did not flush with color, nor did her bosom heave with the joy of meeting him.

Gently he kissed her cold lips and passed his hand over her pale forehead lost in thought; in the distance he could hear the jubilant song of the nightingale grow faint and fainter, and then die away; the singer had found his mate.

Claudio del Cordoglio smiled with bitterness.

-W. M. Griscom, Jr.



TO A WATER LILY

O lily, slumbering sweet on waters mild,
That ripple dulcent, murmuring to thy dream,
And lulling petals soft with motioning stream,
Thou seemest like bright Day-dawn's golden child,
In form so rare, so pure and chaste and wild:
Thou foldest in thine argent cup the gleam
Of budding dawn and midsun's mellow beam,
With love and light, with warmth and wealth o'er
piled.

In truth art thou some naiad's pearly boat
On emerald waters, lucent in thy light,
Which steal thine odour, scenting winds that float
Melifluous along. O fairy bright,
Thou Day-spring's soul, on gloaming waters gloat,
Sleep on, and dream in sun's eternal sight!

-Cortlandt van Winkle.

Hitermath

A DAY

THE morning bell has rung, a day is here,
My thoughts turn first to thee,—would
thou wert near,
O love still mine though long the waiting be,
I would thou migh'st return this day to me.

The evening bell has tolled, the day is gone, And fancy's musing hour has stolen on, O love who art so fair and far away, I would thou hadst come back to me to-day.

-C. W. Vernon, Jr.

THE PALACE OF PAN

In one of the poets there are the following lines:

"Music has charms
To soften rock, or bend the knotted oak,
I've read that things inanimate have moved
And as with living souls have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound."

Whether it was from reading this, or not, I cannot say, but that same night I dreamt a strange dream.

IT seemed to me I was walking beside a stream, which flowed merrily through the twilight of the woods. It was not hard to know that it was spring. It was felt in the tell-tale softness of the air. The birds sang of it from every green bough. The brook gossiped about it. The melody and harmony of all out doors proved it. As I

strolled along down the stream, the woods ceased abruptly and opened into a broad green meadow, flooded with the sunlight of a fair spring afternoon. Here the noisy brook spread out into a broad, placid stream, which lazily sunned itself and slumbered between the wide, green margins, and dreamed of blue skies and fleecy clouds. Presently I heard strains of music in the uncertain distance. Not ordinary music, but of an unearthly sweetness, such as masters dream of but never hope to express. As I continued on my way, the strains grew louder. Finally I caught a glimpse of the great god Pan, seated on the bank of the stream, playing upon his pipes. Surely they were enchanted, for those voluminous tones could not come from such slight reeds. Ponderous, reverberating chords of marvellous beauty succeeded one another-chords such as might create a world. And even as I looked at the meadow opposite, where the god Pan seemed to gaze, I saw what appeared to be the foundations of a temple rising. Here was music indeed! Obedient to each splendid chord, a block of snow-white marble was added to the foundations-or. mayhap, some airy substance, it was hard to tell in the strange lights and shadows of the gathering twilight. To music of an unimaginable stateliness the walls grew higher and higher. With each triumphant mounting of the symphony a pillar of pure and dazzling white arose, called up from nothing. Now as the music became softer and richer, the walls of the Temple were adorned with high, vaulted windows, which glowed with color, like the flower-decked meadows round about.

The great god Pan could indeed summon, with these enchanted pipes, all music to his aid, for it seemed now as though stringed instruments gave forth soft melodies, their themes suggesting exquisite traceries—suggesting?—nay, creating, for as their low tones sounded, delicate figures appeared on the walls of the Temple, as strange and fantastically wrought as the melodies creating them, and each trick of the music crystallized into a glistening

minaret.

Then, interweaving themselves with these strains, came sweet woodland notes, fresh with the breath of the morning and fragrant with flowers, and by their charm the vault of the Temple was covered with delicate tints and frescoes. Finally, as the music rose to a climax of grandeur, its tones seeming to embody all man's hopes and aspirations and his very religion, obedient to the last mounting sweep of harmony, a glistening spire arose, topping the Temple and pointing far, far heavenward.

The creation was complete—the Temple stood, blinding white, the windows all aglow in the last rays of the sun. The great god Pan leaped to his feet, and laughed for joy and ran up the marble steps and under the sweeping arch into the Temple. And soon there issued forth from within the exulting strains of his paean of thanksgiving.

Here was music come into her true estate. That she should create was right and fitting. She had whispered the secret of these hidden powers a thousand times before. This then was reality. As the last joyful tones died away I awoke—or perhaps it was only then that I fell asleep and dreamed the strange, less real dream of life.

-W. J. Funk.

THE DARK.

To E. V R. C.

THE dark is such an awful beast;
As big as half the moon at least,
He fills my heart with fear.
For when they take me up to bed,
And turn the lights on overhead,
Between the window curtains red
I see him disappear.

So cowardly does he behave,
He cannot be so very brave—
He never stays to fight.
I often try to see his face,
But out the window he will race,
Or scamper up the chimney-place
When they turn on the light.

So, one day when I'd said good night,
And gone upstairs without a light,
Tight holding by the rail,
Oh—then I thought up such a trick:
I braved the dark so still and thick
And slammed the window down so quick
I caught him by the tail!

-L. M. Thompson.



Editorial

UPON CHRISTMAS GIVING

We are rapidly approaching unto that day of the year when all men are supposed to be overflowng with good spirits, happiness and cheer. The sun traverses the wintry sky irradiating but the ghost of its summer warmth. Through the long bleak darkness of the night the stars fairly crackle in the frosty sky; or the snow heaps itself in great mounds in the fence corners or the city streets, and the wind rumbles in the chimney. At such a time we are most dependant upon the fires of friendship and love that burn upon our hearts. This is a season of giving. It should therefore be a time of supreme happiness. But is it? Here's your friend John worrying himself to death to think how he can give Bill as valuable a present as he received from Bill last year. Meanwhile Bill is complaining because he has to deny himself in order to give his friends presents. Here is young Mrs. Iones deliberately making out a list of those who shall be recipients of her favours according to the list of those from whom she received presents last Christmas. Here is your "friendfrom-childhood" and one-time sweetheart, Catherine, struggling vainly to decide whether she will give you an ash tray (thus adding the ninth to your collection) or a silver pencil (the twelfth). All people are rushing to the shopping emporiums. They make a business of buying gifts. Most of the people are unhappy, and what is worse, they make other people unhappy. But "the thing to do" at this time of year is to give presents, so give presents they will whether they like it or not! The result is that the material part of the giving of gifts has come in our foolish modern minds, to stand for the whole act.

What's the matter with giving the friend who has given you a ten-dollar gift a one-dollar gift? Are you ashamed that you haven't as much money as he? What's the matter

with a good jolly Christmas letter?

Come, my brothers all, enough of humbug and deceit, let us clasp hands and stand forth in all simplicity and humbleness. (That is a good word, that "simplicity." It takes us back to the Christmases Washington Irving wrote about.) Let us forget to pose before the world, and let us find the real, true man, now, as we all clasp hands in friendliness:

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL, MY MASTERS!"



Gossip

There were only a few days remaining before Christmas. The Gossip had an hour before his train left, and nothing to do. Thus it came about that he sank easily into his capacious chair and stretched himself out before the comforting blaze of a cheerful wood fire. Outside it was snowing steadily from a leaden sky. For awhile the Gossip amused himself by watching the windtossed flakes whirl past his window or by gazing far into the red heart of the fire. At last his mind began to wander. The poor old Gossip's mind is like his memory in that respect. It is most capricious. But finally his attention began to settle and in a half-asleep, half-awake mood he thought of the great northern woods where the snow lies four feet deep all winter long, and where your neighbours are many, but you rarely see more than their footsteps. So from thinking the Gossip fell into musing and from musing into dreaming.

There before him stretched the great frozen North. Leagues and leagues of forest, great open marshy tracts, hills and valleys, rivers and lakes—everything covered with a new white blanket of snow. It was Christmas morning. The Gossip was sure of it. (You know how you accept certain things in a dream as true without proof or reason?) The sun was just appearing over the low eastern hills—a red ball of fire. Well sheltered from the biting northern blasts by a group of balsams stood the trapper's shack. A faint curl of blue smoke ascended from the chimney and disappeared miraculously in the crystal clear air. A light breeze was stiring itself now and the powdery snow, freshly fallen in the night, sifted down from the spruce boughs and drifted away in silver mist.

At last the door of the shack opened and the large figure of a half-breed trapper blocked the entrance He gazed critically at the sky and then addressed his companion over his shoulder: "Eh, bien, Pierre, we go see de trap ce matin, n'est ce pas? allons-nous!"

A few moments later they were off, their snow-shoes kicking up little puffs of white as they sank deeply in the crustless snow, and their breaths hanging about their faces in clouds of mist. Away they went through the great trackless forests, watching the ways of the wild wood-folk to wring their living from these frozen solitudes.

It was almost dark when they returned laden with furs.

"I t'ink me, Pierre," the older man was saying, "dat is la belle chance." He chuckled to himself. "For me, I know dat I catch dat ol' fell.' Dat meester black fox he fool me of'en, but now I fool heem, heh?" He laid down his load of fur and took up the black fox skin, stroking it lovingly. "I t'ink me I sell dat for much monie—den nex' year I get married. Oh, oui, and I give the present to le bon Pere at the mission—"

"Certainment," replied Pierre, "it ees for us la belle, belle

chance."

They pulled the door shut and once more the savoury smoke

rose from the chimney up to the sparkling stars.

Again the door opened and the ruddy light from the fire shone on the snow. The tall figure of the trapper stood in the doorway. He threw some scraps and crumbs out in the snow.

"I t'ink me dat maybe dose birds dey like som' Christmas

dinner, heh?" he said to himself with a smile.

The door shut after him, and a death-like silence covered the whole wilderness. Soon the great northern lights began to flash and crackle in the frozen heavens. From far away came the faint hunting cry of the wolf-pack.

Editor's Cable

The Critic came in from a strenuous afternoon afield, took off his shooting jacket and, after cleaning his gun, picked up The Harvard Monthly and by chance opened to the essay entitled "The Noble Instinct." Now the Critic is also a woodsman, in a small way, and fond of hunting, but he has never killed very much and his love of hunting is not equal to his love of the gentle art of angling. And in both sports he finds his particular joy in the healthful exercise obtained, and in the closer scrutiny of the ways of the wild, and not in the least in the death of the timid wild things. Therefore he was pained to discover that the author of "The Noble Instinct" had chosen his title in sarcasm, which prevented the Critic from agreeing with the author's views on the subject. In the same magazine "The Man Who Won" is a clever horsey story, but we should like to know what happened at the Liverpool, "The Confession," also, is good-perhaps the best verse of the number.

Of course we don't know, but if the Critic were asked, he would say that some of the more serious-minded at Smith have been taking a course of Exposition, and have shoved their returned and complimented themes straight into the contribution box of the Monthly, without even bothering to strike off the lists of references at the end. These fill up the magazine well, and are good—in their way. We doubt, however, whether they are very generally read. But if one wants good entertaining literature of a lighter kind, let him turn to the sketches in the back of the Monthly and he will find a store of well-drawn scenes and characters, and sweet bits of verse and rollicking song. These minor contributions are by far the best of the contents.

Mr. Soule, in the Yale Lit. has struck well the spirit which so persistently tends to crop out in undergraduate society. Let us all read "The Yale Pharisee" and put on the garment as it

fits, for we are all students and much alike. We welcome also a straightforward essay like that on the painting of "Millet of Barbizon." Dialect, in the hands of the beginner, is apt to be questionable, but there is no question as to the excellence of the "Chanson de Voyageur." Mr. Andrews has caught the French Canadian guide in all his modesty and charm, and putting him in an artistic and gay setting, has given us a tale well deserving congratulation. The Yale Lit. easily takes the palm of superiority from among the November issues.

L. M. T.

A GIPSY LOVE SONG.

Sad, sweet purple twilight:
Hush of the opal hills:
Lambent glow of my fire-light!
My soul with longing thrills.
Life is cold and sear.
Oh, that my love were here!

Beloved, the waves of your tresses
Shame the twilight shadows deep:
Warmly the wood-flame presses
More warmly your passions sweep.
Cruel miles between, dear.
Oh, love, that you were here!

Sad, sweet azure twilight,
Brooding caress of the hills,
Silvery shafts of the starlight,
My soul with longing thrills
To feel your warm lips near.
Oh, love, if you were here!

Clinton F. Wilding, In the Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Book Calk

Ever since "the beloved Lamb" lived and wrote Montaigne for Elia, the essay, as a form of prose writing. has been popular. But long before that the essay had become familiar, and indeed before Charles Lamb was born. the essays of Michel Eyquem, Lord of Montaigne, had passed through fourteen editions. Montaigne—the father of the essay,-Montaigne, who, after all these years of writers, "remains the greatest practitioner of the art of the familiar essayist," needs no comment. Almost as well might we recommend Shakespeare for his excellent use of English, as to attempt to pass judgment on the great French prose writer. It is our present duty and privilege to tell of a new edition of the essays brought out among the French Classics for English Readers. This edition, from the translation of 1603 by John Florio, is selected and edited by Adolphe Cohn, and contains twenty-five of the best essays, with a biographical introduction and detailed bibliography. The book is substantially bound and very elegantly gotten up, and for the book lover in search of an appropriate Christmas gift we highly recommend this edition of Montaigne. (Montaigne, the Essays. Edited by Adolphe Cohn, \$2.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New L. M. T. York.)

The Ethics of Wagner's "The Ring of the Nibelung" Prior to Wagner the only aim of the opera had been to entertain. If the music was gay and light, while the words were serious and sober, little matter, so long as the people were pleased. But Wagner's purpose was not only to

amuse but also to instruct, and in taking the characters of Norse Mythology for his material, he "has taken individuals who stand for or express their class or kind, and this fact makes them types rather than individuals." The book takes up the great Wagnerian

Trilogy, with its prelude, The Rhine-Gold, in chronological order; in each case giving the story, with attention to plot and Throughout the book the attention is called to the double meaning of the action, by short lessons in Ethics, if we may so call them. For instance: Siegfried, the fearless, kills the dragon, which "in these dramas, is the emblem of greed. The blood of the monster symbolizes the life of greed. The life of anything is that within it which is true. But is there anything true in greed? Nay, not in it but underlying it: for greed is built upon honest desire, effort, industry, perseverance, thrifta false superstructure upon a true foundation-and is not truly greed until it desires and obtains that which is not its own, or, having attained it, withholds that which belongs to the world, thus failing to measure up to the standard of moral law." Shortly after, the dwarf Mimi is killed, and with him die deception and hypocrisy, "and man thereby attains to full spiritual perfection, in which spiritual power dawns." The appendix gives the ethical significance of persons and things in "The Ring," in a convenient list. The book deals with the story entirely, with scarcely any mention of the unequalled music, which cannot be separated without great loss. We feel that a little more of the musical element, with the more frequent and important motifs might easily have been added to this very interesting and instructive book. (The Ethics of Wagners The Ring of the Nibelung, by Mary E. Lewis. G. P. Putnam's Sons.) L. M. T.

"There never was a day in my boyhood when I would not rather go a-fishing than read the best book in the world."—Uncle Peter in "Books that I Loved as a Boy."

This sentence sounds the keynote of Dr. van Dyke's latest book "Days Off" which is a collection of delightful sketches and charming stories. They are expressions of the genuine feelings of a real fisherman. Besides their piscatorial interest, they are excellent examples of a sparkling and vivacious style; the style we found in "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck," only richer and deeper.

One of the notable features of Dr. van Dyke's works, a characteristic which should entitle them to a high place, is their entire freedom from any of the immoral or un-moral suggestiveness which has tainted so much of the recent fiction.

The stories are simple and lucid. "Leviathan" with the rival ministers, who at last became firm friends through a fish's mediation; "Silverhorns," the great moose for whose death a man became peculiarly responsible, "His Other Engagement," the tragic result of an angling mania, are all pleasingly told.

The sketches, or as the sub-ititle calls them, "digressions," are felicitious in diction as well as rich in thought. The two which we personally liked best are "Among the Quantock Hills," dealing with the country of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and "Between the Lupin and the Laurel," a reminiscence of a fishing trip with two Quakers.

The chief fault of the book is that there are not more stories and sketches—a fault which is only too rare in the books of to-day. We would especially recommend the book as a Christmas gift to friends who love to whip the streams for the wary trout—and also to friends who do not. (Days Off, and Other Digressions, by Henry van Dyke, \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)

L. L. B.

"The Conquest of Bread"

Prince Kropotkin's "Conquest of Bread" is but another protest against the evils of the present day by which, so the author claims, the working

classes are ground under and exploited by the pitiless financier. Disgusted with the conditions that he sees all around him, the writer would "Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war." He would welcome a universal revolution that would cast off all forms of government and do away with private property and penal codes, together with the law courts and police that enforce them; and he would allow every one to live on equal terms with his fellow men by a system of free agreement and communionism.

However, it seems that the author has passed over too lightly those objections which have proven fatal to any such plan in other years; and in his enthusiasm has painted for us a Utopia which like that of Sir Thomas More must be unattainable to-day in any large area. We agree with Prince Kropotkin that there are many evils which ought to be remedied, but we should not cut off the head to cure the body. (The Conquest of Bread, by Prince Kropotkin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1907; \$1.00.)

"The Ibeen Secret"

Miss Lee has divided Ibsen's life into three periods: Ibsen, the ultra-romanticist, 1845-1868; Ibsen, in transition, 1868-1877; and Ibsen, the realist, 1877-1899. The first period which was that of the poetic dramas, the author scarcely mentions, then hurries on to prove in a most conclusive manner that the second period in which Ibsen kept absolute silence was ten years of struggle and search after a new method—a method that should be adequate for a man who had forsaken romanticism and wished henceforth to present the problems of everyday life exactly as he saw them.

By the beginning of the last twenty years Ibsen had found this new method. It was symbolism done in prose; and it is of this that Miss Lee's study principally treats.

On this most vital point Miss Lee is at variance with many of Ibsen's best critics who believe that there is no symbolism whatever in the great master of the north. Indeed, she even goes farther than Mr. Payne, who says that "symbolism is nearly always to be found in his writings;" for she believes that it is everywhere to be found in them.

The author's scheme of symbolism, in her own words, is as follows:

"An object or event is used as a central theme or motive of the play. Towards this symbol the ostensible action of the play moves, and from it, it recedes. This object or event—as the tarantelle—also stands for the character of the play, whose soul is the stage of the real action of the play; and thus the symbol stands, at last, for the play itself."

With the light of this interpretation flashed upon even the most obscure of Ibsen's plays, incongruities fall away, related parts slide into place and the meaning of the whole stands out classified and vivid.

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This is "Ibsen's Secret" and if secret the Norwegian had, Miss Lee, I think, has found it.

The book is a very valuable commentary just at this time when Ibsen is becoming almost a fad and when some of our greatest artists are trying to present on the stage such characters as Nora Taroald and Hedda Gabler.

Aside from this, Miss Lee shows very clearly the unity in Ibsen's work and in almost every page of her book says much that is extremely interesting and that is bound to make those who read her book carefully understand and better appreciate the work of a really great dramatist. ("The Ibsen Secret," by Jenette Lee. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) H. E. J.

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